

be sustained; how he despises expedients and make-shifts at the expense of sacrificing plain duties under the laws and lowering the nation's prestige before her own people and the world. He made clear his code which is devotion to duty, the upholding of the right, and the guarding of the nation's honor under the guidance of righteous laws. Not one appeal to the galleries, not one classical flight over the heads of the people; not one covert strain of superior culture—just the steady stroke of an engine in perfect order and big enough to carry its load. It is a vivid reminder of one of Benjamin Harrison's speeches that the New York World sent a reporter to find something in to criticize and which, after five week's of effort caused the reporter to wire to his paper: "It's no use, he makes no mistakes." There was more than that to it.

The heart of the man shone out through it as a clear electric lamp shines out through a translucent shade.

As we construe the situation, the Republican candidate will steadily take on increased stature in the estimation of the people, and no matter what the Progressives may do now, our belief is that if Mr. Wilson wins again in November, he will know, between sobs for breath, that he has been in a real race.

The Republican Platform

IN many of its planks the Republican platform is superb.

Its exordium, speaking for unity, for devotion to the constitution and laws, for American rights and for justice in our foreign relations, is in strict accordance with the traditions of the party since its birth.

Its statement of our feelings as a nation toward Mexico, and its criticism of the policy that has been pursued toward that country by the present administration, is a fair statement of facts, and so is the attitude of our people toward the Monroe doctrine, and toward Latin-America.

The Philippine question, too, is handled just right.

On the questions of prohibition, the tariff and merchant marine—vital questions now—the platform is perfect.

The general prosperity of the country during the coming few years, while the awful foreign war continues to rage and when the exhaustion is on after its close, will depend more upon how those questions are settled than upon all other questions combined.

The transportation problem is, in our judgment, not so happily handled. We believe general laws could be passed which could place sufficient restrictions upon transportation, without the present system which has the effect of keeping great transportation companies held up to view as sinister agencies, intent upon spoliation and as real enemies of the men from whom they obtain their revenues.

The platform is modest in length, throws no sop to catch votes, it is dignified and has a candid ring most commendable from beginning to end.

Correcting The Record

SINCE the demise of the old Territorial Enterprise at Virginia City all kinds of statements regarding it and those who were in any way connected with it have been circulated and some are too preposterous for any use.

We find one which purports to be an account of the duel between Joe Goodman of the Enterprise and Tom Fitch, then a writer on the Virginia Union. It makes Goodman the challenged party, with Mark Twain his second and locates the event in Six Mile canyon—the canyon that runs down from the Comstock east and six miles below reaches the valley north of Dayton. The

truth of the affair, as rehearsed to the writer by a near friend of both the principals, was substantially as follows:

A newspaper quarrel sprang up between the two editors and sharp passages went back and forth until Goodman, thoroughly angry, wrote a savage arraignment of Fitch. To this Fitch, angered to the very limit, wrote a rejoinder so insulting that, at that time and in that place, could only be met by a strict encounter "for blood," or a dignified duel. Goodman promptly challenged Fitch and Fitch accepted. Goodman had for his second a southern colonel, familiar with such affairs, and the place of meeting was just over the line in California, near the town of Truckee.

Goodman was a fine shot, while Fitch was not famous in that direction. The weapons were to be pistols. Just before the meeting Goodman's seconds said to him: "Joe, I have witnessed a good many fatal terminations in these affairs and they are not pleasant things. If I were in your place I would not shoot to kill." Joe replied: "I understand. I won't shoot Fitch above the knee, that is not much above the knee." When the word was given the shot of Fitch went wild, that of Goodman struck Fitch two and a half inches above the knee. It laid Fitch up for a few days and gave him an interesting limp for several weeks.

The same informant gave the writer a far jollier story of Mark Twain's duel that did not come off and why it did not.

A writer on the Sacramento Union—we have forgotten his name—incensed at something Twain had written about him, challenged him and Mark accepted, choosing pistols, at thirty paces, as the weapons.

Then he went to Stevie Gillis, news editor of the Enterprise, and asked him to see him through.

Stevie was from Mississippi and was the same Stevie who, with Long-Primer Hall, started a secession paper in a little town in Oregon early in 1861, which paper only lasted until the first copies of the first edition began to circulate around the little town. Then both Hall and Gillis quickly decided that the town as a health resort had been over praised and they moved away. They forgot, too, to take their printing office with them. Indeed the office had gone when they started.

When Twain made his request, the first question of Gillis was: "Are you a good shot, Mark?" With his accustomed drawl, Mark replied: "Couldn't hit a barn door." Then Gillis decided that the first thing to be done was for Clemens to have some practice. So they got their guns and started down that same Six-Mile canyon. A mile or two out of town, behind a low hill beside the canyon, Gillis put up a target, measured off the thirty paces and bade Twain blaze away. Mark fired two or three shots when a big stupid bird, probably a mud hen on heavy wing came sailing, low down over the hill and the two men. Quick as a flash Gillis drew his revolver, threw it up and fired and the bird fell. As quickly as he had drawn it Gillis returned his gun to his pocket.

As it happened the second of the other principal in the affair was at the moment also coming down the canyon. He saw the bird in flight above the hill, heard the shot and saw the bird fall. As he rounded the point of the hill Twain fired again at the target. The man walked up to Gillis; he had no weapon in sight, the dead bird was lying a few yards away. Addressing Gillis, the man asked: "Who killed that bird? With an imperturbable face Gillis quietly replied—at the same time pointing to Clemens—"My principal. He always does it that way."

The man returned to his principal and reported that it would be suicide to fight with a devil like that, and so diplomacy was resorted to and the difficulty was adjusted without bloodshed.

Bear Dance Convention

AFTER the national conventions adjourned four years ago, we stated that some new way to nominate candidates for president, should be adopted or at least the methods now in use at national conventions should be changed, for they had ceased to be deliberate bodies. The conventions in Chicago last week emphasized that thought. Over and over in the proceedings both were in imminent danger of being stampeded by a few untrained delegates backed by gallery "whoopers."

Think of a company of lunatics yelling and yelling like wild Indians for an hour and thirty-three minutes! Indeed, had a wild tribe of savages passed the hall at the time, they would, after listening fifteen minutes, have thrown away their blankets, rushed to their wickiups, hurried to don their war-paint and would have spent the night in sharpening their tommyhawks in anticipation of a war early in the morning, while had a stately old Puritan have passed and listened a brief time, he would have said to himself: "The vision seen by John is being realized. The devil has been let loose for a thousand years."

It was not a preliminary for a baseball game or a horse race, but for the nomination of a chief magistrate for one hundred millions of supposedly free people.

If the number of delegates could be reduced and likewise smaller halls used for the meetings, it would at least reduce the noise if not add to the dignity of the proceedings. The only present comfort in thinking the news over, is in the hope that God still rules in the work and destinies of nations.

Alas, Kitchener!

A GAIN—

"The bells of old St. Paul are pealing.

Pealing for the mighty dead;

Those bells that never toll

Save when a regal soul has fled."

So they tolled for Nelson, so for Wellington, so for Roberts and now for Kitchener, and in some respects this last is saddest of all. Nelson died just when the triumph guns of a marvelous victory were saluting his parting soul, and those who loved him had his crushed body to compose in their old cathedral. After long life works Wellington and Roberts sank to sleep and their bodies were given sepulchre on English soil.

But Kitchener still strong, still a pillar of strength to his country, perished out in the deep Northern seas and no trace of him is left. England was not ready by twenty years to do him final honors and mixed with the sorrow are the regrets that make inconsolable that he should have died as he did.

Governor Glynn's Speech

GOVERNOR GLYNN'S pipe-organ prelude to the grand opening chorus of the St. Louis Democratic oratorio, is a reminder of many things.

It is a reminder of a hungry man bluffing on a pair of deuces in hopes of getting at least a square meal out of the game.

It is a reminder of that ancient South Carolina court incident where the lawyer, appointed by the court to defend a gentleman charged with stealing a rope to the other end of which a horse was attached, made a plea in behalf of his client, picturing the humiliation of his client on being arrested, his suffering by confinement in an insanitary jail, his naturally refined and sensitive nature; the southern high-bred family of which he was a member and closed by reminding the jury that if some features of the testimony, at first blush, looked bad for him, it was the duty of the jury to construe the whole case together and not for a moment to forget that the horse charged to be stolen was in truth but a dilapidated mule,